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Memoir of Sarah Lidbetter.

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MEMOIR

OF

SARAH LIDBETTER,

Aged Nine Years and a Half,

BY HER

AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise."

Matt. chap. xxi. ver. 16.

THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:

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PREFACE.

SARAH LIDBETTER, the interesting subject of the following Memoir, was the daughter of Bridger and Elizabeth Lidbetter, (of the religious Society of Friends,) now residing in Brighton, but formerly at a farm in the county of Sussex; which they were obliged to leave during the general distress that the agriculturists met with. Since that time they have had to struggle with many difficulties to gain a livelihood for their increasing family, in which this dear child, although so young, participated, by sympathising with her parents in their various trials.

Sarah was born at Denton on the 3rd of third month 1822. The following pages are mostly written by her affectionate mother; yet many of her relations and

friends well remember her agreeable deportment when in health, as well as the patient and heavenly state of her mind at different times during her illness.

This precious child was indeed lovely both in mind and person, and, I doubt not, has been early transplanted to bloom in a better soil, and to join with purified spirits in singing songs of praise unto the Lord God and the Lamb for ever and ever.

S. B.

Brighton, 22*nd* 11*th Mo.* 1831.

*** The terms, as well as the sense of the expressions, are retained in the following pages, although some verbal inaccuracies are corrected.

MEMOIR.

THE beloved subject of this Memoir was, from a very little child, fond of reading the Holy Scriptures, and showed a decided preference for religious publications. "Piety Promoted," "Guide to True Peace," "Baxter's Saint's Rest," and "The Pilgrim's Progress," were among her favourite choice; and if at any time, as a reward for many useful services, which she cheerfully performed and took delight in, I presented her with an interesting book of tales, that were amusing and entertaining, although they were gratefully accepted, yet it was easily perceived, that unless the tales were strictly authentic, or the anecdotes of a religious tendency, they were laid aside, and seldom read a second time. She was of a very unassuming, diffident turn of mind, yet from occasional remarks made to me when alone, on any subject that had been discussed in her hearing, I soon found

that her understanding was good, and that she was a child of quick perception and matured judgment. She much enjoyed our religious meetings, and spoke of having received comfort and instruction in attending them, even when held in silence. She was fond of retirement, and early experienced the comfort and advantage of secret prayer, endeavouring to bear in mind that she was always in the presence of her Heavenly Father. She was obedient, obliging, and affectionate to her parents, and orderly in her behaviour; and although a child of few words, she was beloved and respected by all who knew her, some of the neighbours holding her up as an example to their children. Her affectionate attentions to our other children; her tender manner of pleading with them, and reproving them when naughty, was truly instructive: her usual expression was, "Thou wilt displease thy Heavenly Father." And her kind manner of encouraging them in well-doing, by giving them some little thing to stimulate them to be good, was very helpful to me, and often relieved me from the constant care I otherwise must have had over them. She was, in fact, like a little mother to them; her conduct, more than words, evincing a mind guided and supported by Divine help and direction; and that the love and goodness of her Heavenly Father were shed abroad in her heart.

I never remember her to have needed correction; but when at any time she detected herself in error, her sorrow and grief were such as to require all the consolation and comfort I could give.

From the age of seven years, it was her daily practice to read a portion of the Holy Scriptures to the other children, endeavouring to impress it on their minds by asking them questions upon what they had heard; this she continued until within about two months of her decease, having them around her bed, exhorting them (as she was become too weak herself longer to do so) that they should continue in the frequent practice of reading the Bible; "which," she added, "is the best of books."

That she was, from early life, a child of prayer, I have no doubt, not only by remarks which she made in her illness, but from recollecting circumstances that occurred when very young and in health, which were not taken much notice of at the time. I remember her once asking me if I thought the Almighty always required that we should kneel when we pray. I said, "My dear, what makes thee ask me that?" She replied, "When I go to bed, and am in company with others, I do not like they should know when I pray." I said, "I believe every prayer that comes from a sincere heart is

accepted, whether with or without form." She meekly answered, "So I think, mother."

When about eight years of age she was attacked with inflammation in her side, attended with a cough and other symptoms of a threatening nature, of which she seemed fully aware; remarking one evening to a neighbour's daughter, who came to sit with her, that although she should have liked to live and help her mother, and be a comfort to her; "yet," she added, "if I die, I shall only go out of a wicked world, where there are many troubles and temptations." Her patience during this illness was remarked by all who witnessed it, and proved an alleviation and comfort to my mind under this afflicting dispensation.

My dear child so far recovered at this time, that her countenance had the appearance of health, and she was able to go with the other children to the British school, which being in a large room and airy situation, appeared, for a short time, to improve her health. She took great pleasure in attending this school, and enjoyed looking at the Scripture lessons which are hung round the room, telling me they often cheered and comforted her when left by herself during the dinner and play hour, as she was too weak and delicate to join the other children in their

play-ground the whole of the time. She spoke with grateful feelings of the instruction she received from the questions that were put to the children after reading a chapter, which is the usual practice twice a day; considering it a privilege to be able to learn and hear others repeat several chapters and hymns: the thirty-fifth chapter of Isaiah was one that she much enjoyed.

About this time she spent several first-day evenings with her grandmother, reading to her in the Bible, and books of a religious character. These were seasons of mutual comfort and pleasure; the stillness she enjoyed at her grandmother's was very congenial both to the state of her body and mind, and she often called it "The quiet house."

At the beginning of the present year, my beloved child was again visited with illness of a far more distressing and painful nature; yet her anxiety to render herself useful to me, and, as she said, to live and repay me for the trouble I had had with her, occasioned her, for some time after her symptoms were of a doubtful nature, to look forward with hope to being restored to health. This caused me to feel anxious, as I wished her to be quite aware of her state; but this was removed by her saying to me, as we were sitting together one first day: "Mother, which would thou rather see me,

in perfect health, enjoying the pleasures of this world, or afflicted and suffering, and as I now am?" I replied, "My dear, far rather as thou now art." She said: "Oh! so would I. So would I;" and added, "Mother, I have for some time wished and prayed to be resigned to die, and this evening I have been made to believe that I shall soon die, and am so happy to feel I am quite resigned to die; thou canst not think how happy it makes me. I feel so full of joy to think I am going out of this wicked world into heaven, to my Saviour. Oh, mother! it seems as if a heavenly voice said, 'The gates of Heaven will be open to receive thee.' How glad I am—how thankful I am."

After this time her mind seemed wholly engaged with the prospect for some days; and a few memorandums will serve to show how afflicted, yet how patient and resigned to the will of her Heavenly Father, this dear lamb was favoured to become.

My precious Sarah was exceedingly affectionate and dutiful in her attentions to me, ever anxious to enter into my feelings and cares; nor could I conceal from her penetrating eye any trial or care that oppressed me; nor would she leave me at such times one minute to myself, and it was in vain to offer her amusement of any kind, until she had discovered the cause of my uneasi-

ness, when her counsel and advice, and her tender sympathy, even at the age of eight years, often afforded comfort and encouragement, that would in a great measure remove a weight from my mind, and cause me, at those seasons, to believe that all was for good. Yes, we have often mingled our tears, and, I may add, our prayers together for support, on such occasions.

During the last three months of my dear child's illness, a brother of my husband's assisted him in the shop, &c. which set me at liberty to attend to her, night and day. We read much in books of a religious nature, and especially in the Bible, which she most of all delighted in; and about this time she expressed much concern on account of the Jews, lamenting their want of belief in the Saviour, saying, "what should I do without a Saviour now? Oh! how much they miss—What a sad thing—cannot something be done for them?" On her being informed that there was a Society to endeavour to promote Christianity among the Jews, she appeared satisfied.

For some weeks, her arms and legs were paralysed from the violence of her complaint, and her sufferings extreme, so much so that the physician and surgeon remarked that they never witnessed a child to live and endure such suffering; and attributed it to her quietness,

and great patience,—yet never did a murmur escape her lips, but she often remarked, when her patience was noticed, "I have never once thought my situation hard, I have not one pain too many." Her dear grandmother being present, she said, "Grandmother, how much longer dost thou think I shall be here, what is thy opinion?" Her grandmother replied in words to this effect, "We know, my dear, the time will *soon* come, but no one can possibly say when." She quickly added, "Never mind how long; a crown of glory is worth waiting for." She imparted suitable advice to those who attended her in her protracted illness, often expressing, in grateful terms, her acknowledgment of their kindness.

On questioning her, one day, as to the state of her mind, she said,

"All gracious Lord, whate'er my lot,
At other times may be,
I welcome now the heaviest grief,
Which brings me nearer Thee.

This is the state of my mind at this time, mother." At one time, when I was grieving over her accumulated sufferings, she said, "Mother, I seem to think this is not all on my account; but I believe thou wilt live to see for whom, or why, I have suffered so long." When, in the night, she has had sharp spasms in her side, so that the

perspiration has run down her face, she has, with a sweet smile, said, "Mother, how these pains remind me of the sufferings of my Saviour." She was very averse to taking any medicine of a composing tendency, lest it should affect her senses, which she was earnestly desirous might be preserved to the end, whatever should be her sufferings: but it being quite needful for her to have a powerful anodyne at times, when convulsed and in great pain, she gratefully acquiesced, and would ask for it when she felt the convulsions were approaching, being desirous of lessening my care and trouble either of body or mind, on her account. My beloved child much enjoyed the company of her kind cousins, E. G— and S. B—, who were almost her daily visitors, remarking, that although she felt too weak at times to speak to them, yet, she said, "it feels very pleasant to see them and other friends, and I enjoy their company." Her cousin, S. B—, once expressed her desire that she might become entirely resigned to the will of her Heavenly Father, whether it might be to live or die, and that she might experience the everlasting arms of Divine love underneath to support her through all her sufferings—tenderly inquiring, if she did not experience this. She meekly replied, "I don't know that I do;" when her cousin encouraged her by saying, "I have no doubt, dear, but thou wilt; these

feelings are not at our command." Some time after this, having been favoured to partake largely of the sweet feeling of Divine support, when in much pain, and also entire resignation to her Heavenly Father's will, she said, "Now, dear mother, if cousin was here, I could join with her and tell her (what she all along seemed to think would be the case,) that I have experienced what it is to be resigned, and to feel, as it were, my Saviour's arms open to receive me; this makes me feel very thankful and happy."

About three weeks before her death, she had her sister, her little brother, and two orphan cousins, who lived with us, around her bed; to each of whom she gave much suitable advice, part of which is as follows. Addressing her cousin Thomas first, who was the oldest, aged eight years, she said, with much earnestness: "Thomas, I am very soon going to die, and perhaps may not be able to speak to thee again; and although thou sees me so ill, I am very happy indeed, for I know that I am going to my Heavenly Father in heaven, among happy angels, who are constantly singing praises, and so happy, and where I shall see my dear Saviour, whom I love, face to face. Now I want thee to be a good boy, that when thou dies, thou may be permitted to meet me there; but there must be a great change

in thee, for thou art very naughty; thou must pray cernestly to thy Heavenly Father to make thee a better boy; and never tell stories, or fight, for these ways are very displeasing to thy Heavenly Father. I do not remember ever to have told a story, or hurt any body, but I have often sinned, and sin will follow us while in this world; but I prayed to my Heavenly Father very earnestly, and kept on until I was forgiven, so that now I have nothing to trouble me; and sometimes am so happy, I seem as if I could sing for joy. So try to be a good boy, and read the Bible very often, and pray to be made a good boy; for what a sad thing it would be, when thou dies, to see me happy among holy angels, and for thee to be miserable in the wicked place, shut away for ever. Now, Thomas, wilt thou try to pray earnestly to thy Heavenly Father? for He can and will make thee a good boy, if thou pray to Him, and try to love and fear Him and serve Him: think of this when I am gone, often think to thyself how happy I must be in Heaven—that will help thee to try to be good—and there is nothing in this world that can make thee happy."

Then looking towards her sister with a lovely smile, she said, "Betsy, I believe I am very soon going to my Heavenly Father in Heaven; in such a beautiful place, among happy angels, who wear crowns on their

heads, and are always singing praises,—won't that be delightful? And there I shall be quite well, never sick any more, nor grieve any more, nor do wrong any more. Shouldst thou like me to go there out of all my suffering, and shouldst thou not like some time to meet me there, with our dear mother, and all our dear relations in that beautiful place?—Well, then, thou must be a good girl, and never tell stories, nor give thy mind to be proud, nor give way to thy temper, but pray to thy Heavenly Father very often indeed, to make thee a good girl, and love good things, and read thy Bible, and pray when thou reads there, then thou wilt learn many things; and as thou wilt be mother's oldest daughter, when I am gone, thou must try to comfort her; and when thou sees her tried, (for mother has many trials,) thou must look about, and see what thou canst do to help her, and be very good to her, and pray for her, as I used to do; and never want any thing she refuses, for mother does a great deal for us, and we want a good deal of money for shoes and food; so thou must be satisfied with what thou hast:—take care of the children, and then thy Heavenly Father will love thee, and as thou prays to Him, He will make thee grow better and better; and when thou art laid on a bed of sickness, He will make it easy to thee. See how He enables me to bear my suf-

ferings, and how happy I am, because I know I am soon going to Him. So thou wilt try and remember what I have said to thee, dear, won't thou? and then thou wilt some day come to me in Heaven, where we shall never have to part again, and be so happy for ever."

To her cousin Sophia, a little girl about six years of age, she affectionately said, "Sophia, dost thou know I am going to die? I am very glad, because I shall be happy; I shall go to Heaven, where I shall see my Heavenly Father, and his holy angels that sing so beautifully, and where I shall be so happy, and where I shall never more suffer pain. Shouldst thou like to meet me there, in that beautiful, happy place, some day, when it pleases Providence thou should die? Well, then, thou must be a good girl; now thou art a little child, and knows but very little, so if thou wish to grow a good girl, thou must be humble and be very attentive when mother talks to thee, or reads to thee, or any other friends; that will be the way for thee to learn a good deal; and try to remember their advice, and always think, if thou art doing any thing wrong, that if my mother does not see thee, thy Heavenly Father sees, and can punish thee much more than mother, for He can make thee very miserable here, and when thou dies He can cast thee into the wicked place—how shocking that

would be! But if thou art good, thou wilt go to Heaven and be happy, but thou must pray very much—thou art old enough to pray—thou knows how to ask mother for any nice thing, and so thou knows how to ask thy Heavenly Father to make thee good, and that is praying; and when thou art old enough, thou must read the Holy Scriptures very much, and they will teach thee a great deal. Dost thou understand me? Well then, try to think of it when I am gone, and never tell stories, or be sly, for that will grow, and thou wilt get worse and worse, if thou dost not try to pray to have thy temper changed;—and thou wishes to be good, don't thou? Well then, thy Heavenly Father will make thee good if thou pray to Him." She also spoke in a sweet, kind manner to her little brother, but my feelings were so overcome that I could not take it in writing.

Once she said, "dear mother, this has been a day of prayer for thee, that thou mayst be supported through all;—do not grieve for me when I am taken." I told her I hoped I should not; she replied, "I know thou will feel it much, but I have prayed for thee to be supported; as to myself, I seem to have nothing to do but to wait my dismission; I think the words in my mind are, 'I am preparing a mansion for thee,' so I have no cause to be unhappy." She much enjoyed having the

Bible and other books, and hymns read to her, and selected several passages and verses, which she requested me to write on cards, with her love to several of her near relations; to be sealed up and delivered to them after her decease, as mementos of her regard, some of which will appear at the end of this memoir. One morning as the children were preparing to go out, and planning their amusements for the day, one observed, "that will be a change;" dear Sarah looked at me, but not in a fretful or impatient manner, and said, "there is no change for me, but from one pain to another; the spasm, the cold fit, the fever, and convulsion." I said, No, my dear, there is not indeed; but she quickly replied, "All will be made up in the end." After two or three days, she said, "Mother, how grieved I have felt, that I should have suffered such a murmuring word to escape me." I said, What word, my dear, I have not heard thee murmur. She replied, "Oh yes! I said, no change for me, the other day; how wrong—when I am soon to have so glorious a change."

On fifth-day, the 18th of eighth month, when the whole length of the spine was much inflamed, she said, "Oh! my dear mother, the pain, the pain in my back is extreme, pray for me; oh! my dear, my gracious Saviour, if it be thy holy will, take me to thyself, or

give me patience to endure this suffering;" this she repeated several times, and added, "Oh! my beloved mother, if my prayer is not heard, I seem as if I could not pray; what, if after all, I should be turned out, and go among the wicked, what shall I do? Oh! my dear mother, there seems a doubt, do pray for me." The perspiration flowed at the thought, and she exclaimed, "But oh! my dear, my own Heavenly Father, take me to Thyself." On my saying that I believed this to be a temptation of the enemy, who was permitted at times to tempt Christians almost to the last, she became quiet, and after a time of silence, she sweetly smiled, and soon after, in an extacy of joy, she exclaimed, "Oh mother! now I can pray: how comforted I feel that I can pray! I know not how to be thankful enough for this favour: the word in me, is, 'I will deliver thee from the power of the enemy, and take thee shortly into Heaven.' How happy I am," she added, in a feeble voice; "I believe the worst of my sufferings are over: I do not know how to be thankful enough to my Heavenly Father for ease; I feel so happy I am able to pray; and though you cannot hear me, that does not matter; though my lips do not utter, I pray inwardly." After remaining some time in this happy state, she said, "Oh that great enemy, I hope he will not again be suffered to

tempt me: I seem to think I have gone through the worst."

On sixth-day, the 19th, my beloved child, after a quiet, but sleepless night, being free from those acute spasms and convulsive throes, from which she had lately suffered so much, appeared unusually low. I was led anxiously to inquire the cause, when, after a little reluctance, and shedding many tears, she said, "I believe I am better, and perhaps likely to live some time longer, this is a great trial to me; oh! the impatience I suffer to be gone; oh! pray for me, that I may get rid of such anxious thoughts, for how wrong it must be of me to feel so impatient; oh! that my faith and patience may hold out to the end." After this she enjoyed some hours of calm, and smiling, said, "Mother, now I seem not to mind pain; and though sharp, I can rejoice in the midst of it; I feel so sure it will be well with me, and so comforted in thinking, that every pain makes me weaker, and brings me nearer Heaven." At another time she said, "Oh! my dear mother, the Heavenly voice says, (for I think it is,) thy day's work is done, thou hast only to wait; oh! how full of love I feel for my dear Saviour! oh! it seems his arms are open! how I long to rush into them, and embrace Him for the happiness I this moment enjoy; I am happier now than

I have ever been; oh! how thankful I ought to be; oh! He seems to say, I am preparing a mansion for thee: all my will is gone, I have no will but to wait His time, *that* is the best time." Soon after, "Mother, how I feel for thee, the separation will be keen, very keen. I have asked cousins G— and B— to come and see thee, and comfort thee, and have no doubt they will do their best; but *pray*, dear mother; that is the best way; God is the best friend. I've no doubt it will be made up to thee. When ill, if thou should have to feel much pain, think of me; think how it has been made up to me, how every pain is made up in the joy I now feel." About a week before her decease, she said, "Thou hast had a good night, my beloved mother; I am thankful for that, now thou wilt be refreshed. I have been thinking much of the Jews, and often of the poor slaves, and the success of the Bible Society; and if I have nine shillings, I should like thee to request cousin Bass to give three shillings to each; but if there is not so much left, then divide it between the poor Jews and the Bible Society; for if religion spreads, through their having the Bible abroad, the slave trade will soon be over: it is but little I can give, but Providence can bless it." Another time she remarked, "There is one thing grieves me, and that is, the expense I shall give thee at my death; what

dost thou think it will cost thee." I said, "My dear, do not think of that, I shall get through all, no doubt." She added, "But, my dear mother, I wish thee not to have thy mind burdened about that, for thou wilt, I think, feel and suffer much at the separation. I have been thinking of thee as a mother;" and after alluding to that which would tenderly affect her beloved parent's feelings, she added: "that may affect thy nerves, and lay thee up, and then the poor dear baby will suffer, so perhaps it will be best for thee not to do it."

On the first day preceding her death, she requested that we might take all our meals together, and not be separated at all; saying, "I quite believe this will be the last sabbath I shall spend on earth." As she drew nearer the close, her weakness and difficulty of respiration, which almost seemed to threaten suffocation for several days before the event, increased her wish to be gone; and her anxious inquiry of the medical attendants, "How long do you think I shall last?" was very affecting. On one of them remarking, "You have lived, my dear, much longer than I expected;" she said, "Dost thou think I shall go through the week?" describing her various symptoms to him. On his replying, "It is not likely you will," she said to me, when he left, "Oh, mother! it felt as if my hands would clap together of

themselves for joy!" yet her desire for faith and patience to hold out to the end, was very strong, and she would often request those about her to pray that they might not fail.

On seventh day afternoon, the third of ninth month, she requested me to come to her bedside, saying, "Mother, I believe my breath is going, give me a sweet kiss, and send for my dear father and uncle up stairs, that I may bid them farewell." This being done she took an affectionate leave of them, and then said: "I feel cold chills in my chest, are they not the cold chills of death?" She then repeated:

"That voice, oh! believer, shall cheer and protect thee,
When the cold chill of death thy frail bosom invades."

She then described some symptoms, which she thought indicated speedy dissolution; but soon added, "I will say no more of these feelings, they may make me shrink at death, which I do not wish to do." Soon after, she said, "Farewell, my dearly beloved mother, if I should go in my sleep, as I feel very heavy for sleep." She dozed until within five minutes of her death, and agreeably to her earnest prayer, that whatever pain she might endure, she might be favoured to retain her senses to the last; so she was enabled to speak with her latest

breath, for on her saying her head was uneasy, I remarked, "My dear, thou art just entering glory," when she, with a smile and an inquiry, "Am I?" ceased to breathe, without a struggle, or even a sigh. Thus died this lovely, pious child, on the day she was nine years and a half old."

May these memorandums prove an incitement to those into whose hands they may come, to attend to the Divine injunction, "Be ye also ready;" that so, whether sooner or later, they are called to leave this world, they may at that solemn period, like her, "Have only to wait" to be received into the arms of our blessed Redeemer.

POETRY SELECTED BY S. L.

THE FOLLOWING HYMN

*Was selected by this dear child for her bereaved father, who mourns the loss of his beloved daughter.**

" When those dark hours of earthly love
And earthly pangs are o'er;
Those lips shall bless, those hands shall move,
Those eyes shall look no more.

" Oh! let no tear thine eyelids dim,
O'er this pale form of clay;
But think I rest at peace with Him
Who wipes all tears away!

" These lips transformed, shall sound the words,
Hosannah to the Lamb:
These hands transfigured, sweep the chords
That praise the great I AM.

" These hollow eyes but seem to sleep,
For, oh! to them is given
An endless watch of bliss to keep,
For they have waked in heaven!

* On her mother enquiring if she had selected any thing for her, she replied, with an expressive look, " All, all, my beloved mother, that I hold dear and precious, all is for thee," as if impossible to express her affection.

ON A CARD, FOR HER GRANDMOTHER.

"My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever."—Psalm lxxiii. 26.

When pining sickness wastes the frame,
Acute disease and weakening pain,
When life fast spends her feeble flame,
And all the help of man is vain;
Joyless and dark all things appear,
Languid the spirits, weak the flesh,
Med'cines can't cure, nor cordials cheer,
Nor food support, nor sleep refresh.

Oh! then to have recourse to God,
To pray to Him in time of need,
To feel the balm of Jesus' blood,
This is to find a friend indeed.
Oh, Christian! this thy happy lot,
Who cleaveth to the Lord by faith,
He'll never leave thee, doubt it not,
In pain, in sickness, or in death.

When flesh and heart decay and fail,
He will thy strength and portion be;
Support thy weakness, bear thy ail,
And softly whisper, "Trust in me."
Himself will be thy tender friend,
Thy kind physician and thy stay;
To make thy bed will condescend,
To chase thy streaming tears away.

TO AN UNCLE.

How wise and how happy is that man, who is contiually endeavouring to be as holy in the day of *life*, as e wishes to be found at the hour of *death*.

FOR A RELATION.

HEAVEN.

There is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wand'rers given;
There is a calm for souls distrest,
A calm for ev'ry wounded breast,
'Tis found above, in heaven.

There is a home for weeping souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

There faith lifts up the tearful eye,
The heart with anguish riven;
And views the tempest passing by,
The ev'ning shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb,
Appears the dawn of heaven.

"Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees."—Isaiah, xxxv. 3.

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."—Matt. v. 7.

FOR A COUSIN.

(Aged about Sixteen.)

"All flesh is grass."

Emblem of dying man,
Of human bliss,
The hopes and fears of life's short span,
Are even this.

Youth's short spring, a fairy form,
And manhood but a summer bloom;
And then comes age, the wintry storm,
That sends us to the tomb.

Yet man can never die
Like autumn's leaf;
Death is to him eternity
Of joy—or grief.

How happy he, whose ransom'd soul,
Soars from this world of change beneath;
Calmly he bids the seasons roll,
Nor fears the dart of death.

FOR A YOUNGER COUSIN.

Our Father sits on yonder throne,
Amidst the hosts above;
He reigns throughout the world alone,
He reigns the God of love.

He knew us when we knew Him not,
Was with us, tho' unseen;
His favour came to us unsought,
His love has wond'rous been.

He keeps us now, securely keeps,
Whatever foe assails,
With vigilance that never sleeps,
With power that never fails.

He gives us hope that we shall be,
E'er long, with Him above;
That we shall all his glory see,
And celebrate his love.

Then let us, while we dwell below,
Obey our Father's voice;
To all his dispensations bow,
And in his name rejoice.

How sweet to hear Him say at last,
" Ye blessed children come,
Your days of banishment are past,
And heaven is now your home."

THE TWO FOLLOWING HYMNS

Were often referred to, and parts of them sweetly repeated, by dear S. L. during her illness.

" Victory over death and the world."

I'm going to leave all my sadness,
I'm going to change earth for heaven:
There all is peace, all is gladness;
There pureness and glory are given.
Come quickly then, Jesus! Amen.

Friends, weep not in sorrow of spirit,
But joy that my time here is o'er;
I go, the good part to inherit,
Where sorrow and sin are no more.

The shadows of ev'ning are fleeing,
Morn breaks from the city of light;
This moment day starts into being,
Eternity bursts on my sight.

The first-born redeem'd from all trouble,
The Lamb that was slain in the throng,
Their ardour in praising redouble;
Breaks not on the ear their new song?

I'm going to tell their great story,
To share in their transports of praise;
I'm going in garments of glory,
My voice to unite with their lays.

Ye fetters corrupted, then leave me;
Thou body of sin, droop and die,
Pains of earth, cease ye ever to grieve me;
From you 'tis for ever I fly.
Come quickly then, Jesus! Amen.

C. MALAN.

THE PARTING SPIRIT.

Farewell thou vase of splendour,
I need thy light no more:
No brilliance dost thou render
The world to which I soar.

Nor sun, nor moonbeam brightens
Those regions with a ray;
But God himself enlightens
Their one eternal day.

Farewell, sweet nature! waving
With fruits and flow'rets fair,
Of these but little craving,
Of what thou well canst spare—

Only an earthly pillow
To bear my death-cold head;
And the turf and drooping willow
To deck my lowly bed.

The world to which I'm going
Has fairer fruit than thine,
Life's rivers ever flowing,
And skies that ever shine.

Farewell, each dearest union
That bless'd my earthly hours,
We yet shall hold communion
In amaranthine bowers.

The love that seems forsaken
When friends in death depart,
In Heaven again will waken,
And repossess the heart.

The harps of Heaven steal o'er me,
I see the jasper wall,
Jesus, who passed before me,
And God, the Judge of all!

So sang the parting spirit,
While round flow'd many a tear,
Then spread her wings t' inherit
Her throne in yonder sphere. EDMESTON

Joseph Rickerby, Printer, Sherbourn Lane, London.

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